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Crawford Avalanche

JUSTICE AND RIGHT

VOLUME XLVIII

Michigan Happenings

Harold McGraw and his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Convery, Detroit, have filed a petition in probate court at Pontiac for an administrator for the estate of their brother, the late Howard A. McGraw, Pine Lake and Detroit man, over which a lengthy legal battle has been waged during the last two years. The supreme court recently set aside a will under the provisions of which Mrs. Mary Heath McGraw, former chorus girl, now an office worker in Battle Creek, would have been given the bulk of the estate. The estate is estimated to be worth about \$55,000.

Frank Wade, of Flint, a member of the Bricklayers union, was re-elected president of the Michigan Federation of Labor for the coming year at the closing session of the federation's annual convention at Jackson. A resolution favoring the removal of the maximum compensation and the raising of the minimum in the state workmen's compensation act, with the inclusion of all occupational diseases in the benefits, was passed. An amendment demanding the elimination of private insurance company features of the law was added at the instance of F. X. Martel, of Detroit.

The board of control of Michigan College of Mines, in session at Houghton, voted to extend a free scholarship to every high school in the state of Michigan. The action means that one student from every high school in Michigan will be entitled to admission without the usual tuition and laboratory fees. The method of awarding the scholarship will be left to the administration of each high school, and may be done by competitive examination or on the basis of grade for regular school work.

E. Baumann, Danish consul at Chicago, has interested himself in the death of George "Dutch" Anderson, notorious criminal, who was shot and killed in a gun battle with Detective Charles D. Hammond, of Muskegon, Oct. 31. Anderson is supposed to have been a member of Danish nobility. It is believed that the consul has interested himself in the case on behalf of Anderson's mother, who is said to have believed her son was a prosperous business man.

George Chandler, lumberman and auto dealer of Sault Ste. Marie, will be retired at the next term of Circuit Court of a charge of larceny growing out of the robbery of the home of A. E. Cullis, woolen mill owner, in which several thousand dollars worth of furs and silver were taken, according to an announcement by county officials. The jury in the first trial disagreed, standing 9 to 3 for conviction on the final ballot, it was said.

Announcement has been made of a bond gift to the Washington council which will enable the Boy Scouts of this county to have one of the best camps in America. The tract consists of 12 acres near Dexter, about eight miles from Ann Arbor. It was presented by Daniel Hoey, of Dexter. This new acreage adjoins a river island donated recently by Mrs. Eleanor Newkirk of Ann Arbor.

Mayor Asa T. Wright, of Owosso, has announced that he will be a candidate for re-election this spring. Wright is serving his ninth year, having been elected for three successive terms of three years each. Wright declares that his reason for again being a candidate is that he wishes to see several municipal projects, which he has started, completed before he retires.

Overcome by carbon monoxide gas in his garage while he was working on his automobile, Clyde H. Evans, 30, tobacco salesman, died at St. Mary's hospital, Grand Rapids. Evans it is believed, had been in the garage while the motor of his automobile was running, with the garage doors closed, for two hours before he was discovered. He was unmarried.

Because of the glare from the lights of an approaching car, Lawrence O'Leary, of Halfway, struck an unidentified man on the Gratiot road, at Roseville. O'Leary was released after he made a statement to Prosecutor Matthews. He claimed that he could not see the man, who was walking along the pavement.

Paul Carter, 20 years old, of Sturgis, died in the Memorial hospital from an abdominal wound he received when a pair of shears he was buffing at a Sturgis factory caught on a machine and the blades pierced his stomach.

By a unanimous vote at the annual meeting, the Mt. Clemens Businessmen's Association decided to change its designation to the Mt. Clemens Board of Commerce. A momentary flurry of discord entered the proceedings when the nominating committee proposed 20 names for the election of 10 directors and failed to recognize the hotel and bath house interests. However, several representatives of the bathing interests were nominated from the floor and ballots will be sent out accordingly.

Governor Alex J. Groesbeck's advocacy of legislative revision of the highway laws so that more money will be available for administration spending in 1926 was endorsed and opposed in resolutions by the state association of supervisors and the State Farm Bureau. Both bodies demanded that there be no repudiation by the state of the state's road reward debt to the counties. The farm bureau went further than the supervisors in this respect. The farmers characterized the administration's treatment of the reward debt as "law defying" and insisted that the provisions of the gasoline tax law requiring retirement of the road reward debt be complied with without further delay.

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FOR THE BABY

Nothing is too good for the Baby. We have a complete stock of Baby Foods. Nursing Bottles, Nipples, Rubber Sheets, and anything needed for the care and comfort of the youngster.

BOTTLES—Pyrex, Hygeia, Faultless and round nurses. NIPPLES—Ingram's, Anti-Colic, Hygeia, Miller's, in different shapes. POWDERS—Bauer & Black, Mennen's, Johnson's, Zinc Stearate, Sykes, Kora Konka, and Boraxzin Baby Powders. SOAP—Bauer & Black, Germicidal, Castile, Castolay, and others.

If you need anything for the baby, drop in and we will fix you up.

THE NYAL STORE

Everything a Good Drug Store Should Have

No. 1

GRAYLING DRUGS
C. W. OLSEN PROP
GRAYLING, MICH.

CRAWFORD AVALANCHE

O. P. SCHUMANN, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year.....\$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Three Months.....50
Outside of Crawford County and
Roscommon.....\$2.50

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1926.

START IN A SMALL WAY

We are convinced that most people are halted in their progress forward by a vain desire to start each new venture in a grand manner.

If they cannot make the start grandly, they make no start at all.

Let us open the discussion with a very prosaic example: the establishment of a savings fund. It occurs to all of us now and then that we must save money. However, instead of opening an account and putting aside \$1, or \$5 or \$50 a week—10 or 15 per cent of our income—we postpone the act, with the excuse that such small sums will never get us anywhere. We wait for the mythical windfall—the death of an aunt, a bonus, a lucky break.

These favorable turns of fortune seldom are realized, or if they are some other use is found for the money.

It is figured out that saving \$54.92 each month, beginning at the age of thirty, a man will be worth \$50,000 at sixty-five. This computation assumes that the savings will draw four per cent interest, and that this interest will be compounded semi-annually and not withdrawn.

How easily most people could accumulate a substantial competency if they had the courage to start early and the persistence to stick to their resolution!

Genius seldom manifests itself in immediate masterpieces.

Most great achievements have their genesis in small beginnings.

Every oak was once an acorn.

To those who have read this and who are postponing desirable ventures until they can start them "right," let us suggest that they take action now, today.

What's the matter with today, anyway? What can you do tomorrow that you can't do today?

Be willing to start in a small way.

Friday night our High school basketball teams played two splendid games. The girls put up a mighty fine fight even though their team was somewhat crippled. The game was very exciting and our girls surely played well. The score was 17 and 16 in favor of West Branch. The boys' game was very good but somewhat one-sided. Our boys being way ahead all of the time. Even with all of the subs in we made a great many scores. The score ended 48 and 8 in our favor.

We Wish to Announce

That we have just received per express a shipment of

Fresh Mackarel

Fresh Eel

Fresh Salmon and

Fresh Flounders

Our line of Canned Fish, Fresh, imported and domestic, is complete.

FOR SATURDAY we will have a fresh stock of Head and Leaf Lettuce, fresh Spinach, Celery, green Onions, green Peppers, Parsley. Also Oranges, Grapefruit and Tangerines. A Special Bargain Counter every Saturday. Come in or phone.

H. PETERSEN
Your Grocer
PHONE 25

Special bargains on all Women's dress slippers at Olson's.

L. M. Edwards, a former employee of the Avalanche office, but now with the Advance of Bay City, Mich., arrived in the city Monday to spend a few days among his many Grayling friends. He said that he had been feeling a little under the weather due to an attack of neuritis and concluded that if he could consult Dr. Keyport and also breathe in some of our pure air that he would soon be all right again. He just can't resist the smell of printer's ink and makes frequent calls at the Avalanche office, where he is always welcome.

County Agent R. D. Bailey, while on his way to attend Farmers' Week at Lansing stopped in Saginaw to see Mr. L. B. Merrill, a former well known farmer of Beaver Creek township, who resides in that city. He was pleased to tell us that Mr. Merrill, who had the misfortune to lose his eyesight while in Grayling, with no hopes of ever regaining it, is able to see again. This came about thru the kindness of Mrs. Vincent, wife of Congressman Vincent of Saginaw who with the help of several charitably inclined people made it possible for Mr. Merrill to go to the University Hospital at Ann Arbor where cataracts were removed from both eyes, and now is getting along rapidly. Mr. Merrill makes his home with his son Clifford, who since leaving Grayling has wed and his wife is Miss Eleanor Streeter, a former Grayling girl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Streeter.

Deacon Dubs, dramatic comedy and Senior class play, at the School auditorium last night was favored by a packed house. Every seat was filled and in some seats there were two persons. The play itself was very enjoyable, from start to finish and each participant accredited himself or herself very well indeed. Miss Harris, class advisor, had charge of the play and coaching of the pupils and deserves a large share of the credit for its success. During intermission between the first and second acts, Misses Jane Keppord and Joyce Smith gave a Dutch dancing sketch which was appreciated by the audience. The newly organized school orchestra, under direction of Misses Keppord and Joyce Smith, added materially to the pleasure of the entertainment. Also in the afternoon they put on a matinee at the school house and it was so crowded that some of the youngsters had to sit upon the floor in front of the stage. This will probably be the last public act by the Seniors before commencement. The Senior class is preparing to give a play in the early future.

OYSTER DINNER FREE

Frederic people are making preparations to entertain the farmers and townspeople, and those who come with the Forest Fire Prevention train next Wednesday. The train will arrive in Frederic at 7:00 o'clock and all farmer folks are urged to come in and be there by ten o'clock in the forenoon. The exhibits in the big white cars will be attended in the morning and in the afternoon there will be speaking at the school building.

At 11:30 o'clock A. M. a fine oyster stew will be served free of charge to all the people of Frederic village, Frederic township and Maple Forest township, at the school building.

"After she married that young nobleman from Holland she found his title was bogus and he hadn't a cent."

"Yes, she's in Dutch, sure."

Friday we had the pleasure of playing basket ball with the West Branch teams. The boys had an overwhelming victory, while our girls lost by one point.

Examinations are over and the various classes have settled down to work. Two new classes—beginners' classes in bookkeeping and solid geometry have been added to the schedule.

The Seniors must be complimented on their play "Deacon Dubs," which was presented Wednesday afternoon and evening. It was a great success.

Wise men and fools wear the same size hats.

Music bath charms to soothe the savage beast. That's the reason for the brass band on dog collars.

Memories They told us not to worry.

Not to sit up nites and cram.

Not to feel a sense of hurry.

In taking our exams; So we didn't worry.

Didn't sit up nites and cram;

Didn't feel a sense of hurry.

But we flunked in our exams.

Third Grade

Eva Mae Bugby, Kenneth Hossli and Arnold Lauridsen were neither absent or tardy during the first semester.

Rose Newell has entered our room. She has been attending a Detroit school.

We are planning a Valentine party for our room Friday. Carl Peterson is absent from school.

VILLAGE ELECTION

Notice is hereby given to the qualified electors of the Village of Grayling, State of Michigan.

THAT the next ensuing Annual Election will be held at the Town Hall within said Village on MONDAY, MARCH 2, A. D. 1926.

At which time the following officers are to be elected, viz:

1 Village President.

1 Village Clerk.

1 Village Treasurer.

3 Village Trustees for 2 years.

1 Village Trustee to fill vacancy for one year.

1 Assessor.

The Polls will be open from 7:00

A. M. to 8:00 P. M. on above day.

Dated this 10th day of February, A. D., 1926.

CHRIS JENSON.

Clerk for said Village.

2-11-4

CHRIS JENSON.

Clerk for said Village.

</div

THEIR NAME WAS LEGION!

6 Courtney
Ryley Cooper

By the Bell Syndicate Inc.

THEIR NAME WAS LEGION!

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

By the Bell Syndicate Inc.

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Hart Rogers, whose father is speechless through paralysis, is the only one who can make money as the author of Leon Barrows, a lawyer, who tells the young man that when he lent the older Rogers money to rehabilitate his property, he had taken no mortgage, but had accepted only notes which were good for nothing. The lawyer's benefactor explains Barrows, does not expect further payment. Hart is informed by the lawyer that drillers seem interested in what has recently been coming up on oil properties in the vicinity of Hart's holdings.

CHAPTER II.—The town election is won by Tom Jordan, who has defeated "Bull" Franniston, a shrewd oilman, for mayor. Jordan offers the job as marshal to Franniston, but Hart because of the latter's interference, some time before, when Franniston was mistreating his daughter, Anita. Oil is struck on property adjacent to Hart's, but after hurried home talk with his father, he heads the latter down his career with a paralytic stroke.

CHAPTER III.—Old Jim, Anita's father's bodyguard, tells Hart that he should marry Anita, as he has come from the similar town, in which her father was a gambler. Jim alludes to a mysterious force which Franniston is able to exercise under his control, and begs Hart to use discretion in his relations with "Bull" Franniston and his daughter. Franniston easily gets the job of marshal. Hart has been offered the job of marshal by his friend Jordan, and learns that "Bull" Franniston is going to force Anita to associate with the riff-raff that have located in the town.

CHAPTER IV.—Hart is summoned to Barrows' office for the reading of the will and learns that "Bull" Franniston is the mysterious stranger who befriends the widow. The will contains a clause which assigns all oil and mineral rights of Barrow's land to Franniston.

CHAPTER V.—At the bank Hart sees another signed copy of the will, and realizes that the signature is genuine. Among the crowd of gamblers and others who have arrived in town following the discovery of oil, is one Bud Tarko, a genial gaunt ex-service man, who becomes friendly with Hart. The latter accepts the offer of the office of city marshal, previously made him by Mayor Jordan, and determines to drive the vicious characters out of the town.

CHAPTER VI

The New Marshal

It was several days later that Hart Rogers stopped short as he left the tiny building which had served for years as Bellaine's combination city hall, jail and "police department." He had just received the administration of his oath of office, and Hart Rogers could not evade the realization of the toughness of his job.

From a village of hundreds, Bellaine had metamorphosed to a mushroom of thousands. Canvas dance halls and "soft drink" emporiums, where the softest thing served was three-day-old "mountain dew," were on nearly every corner. Kalsomined women leered and winked in the crowds on the street—the world had turned new and raw and unwholesome with the influx of a nation's oil, swooping down upon a place that oil had turned into a new frontier, and where, much by its strength, might rule.

Pitted against this was the feverish activity of another set of boomers—the legitimate followers of the guitar men in corduroy clothing and high-topped boots, who went about their business in a quiet, orderly, determined manner; men who seemed never to see the smiles of the women, or the beckoning banners of the soft-drink parlors.

Young men, old men, they hurried about, their clothing and shoes splashed with oil from their visits to the discovery well; all intent upon their work, all seeking to earn a life time into 24 hours that they, too, might be the persons to sit in a new flow of the black liquid, the first to carry the news of another gusher.

Already just outside the village limits, the first of a forest of derricks had appeared, white, under hard-working, shouting foremen, the work of installing machinery and the preparations for drilling were hurriedly under way. Whistles tooted from steaming boilers. Sledges clanged against steel. The prophecy of a bedlam had come true.

And this was the thing which Hart Rogers had taken upon his shoulders—to recreate into an orderly, hard-working, law-abiding town. Now as he looked at it, he realized in a small measure his rashness, and the hopelessness of his task. The city ordinances—and he had studied them with fervent hope—gave to him one gold deputy, no more.

Not that he did not intend to try. Hart Rogers was bitter with the bitterness of enmity and of indignation. In the week which had passed, he had learned many things, the first of which was that Leon Barrows, thin, damp-clothed, lean-faced Leon Barrows, was far more interested in the oil rights of the Rogers farm than "Bull" Franniston. To Hart Rogers this could mean but one thing—that it had not been "Bull" who had profited by the will of a dead man, but the lawyer who had drawn that will, who perhaps had suggested the bargain to Franklin Rogers, and who had seen to it that the whole tricky arrangement had gone through to the finish.

Twice had Hart Rogers seen Old Jim and Anita Franniston during the week that had passed. Both times the girl had appeared frightened, excited, nervous. As for Old Jim, his lips were white, his features haggard, while in his eyes was the look of a haunted man about to gaze upon a ghost he had feared for years. What it all

long one.

Five minutes passed. Then the sound of steps from around the corner. Hart squared his shoulders for the conflict, and pulled his holster into a position in which it could be reached with ease. A moment more.

"Bull" Franniston faced him, a slight appearance of surprise on his countenance.

"Oh, it's you, hub?" he announced. "I'd heard there was a new marshal down here." Then sidling closer, he adopted a paternal air of almost friendship. "You've got one of my boys in there."

"So?" Hart Rogers expressed neither interest nor the lack of it. "I think you're mistaken. The only person I've got in there is a thin-horn three-shell worker. He's not the boy you mean, is he?"

"Bull" Franniston's face blackened and his heavy arms swung slowly. He started to move a step closer—then stopped. Hart's hand had gone quietly to his holster.

"You don't, eh?" The black, thick eyebrows raised in question. "Going to get real rough, eh?"

"You—and who else?"

"Oh, a deputy or two. Now, listen, Mr. Franniston"—and Hart lost his bantering manner. "I've heard your name mentioned a good deal in connection with the gambling and bootlegging that's going on here. They seem to look on you as a sort of a boss. If that's so, a little talk between us may save a little trouble. I'm giving the rough-neck element just 24 hours to get out of town, and the same thing goes for that tented camp of women, that's sprung up just east of the town." If you've taken any money on the pretense that you can protect these persons—I'd advise you to give it back."

"All right, boy," came the answer. "Go to it—and see how far you get!"

Then whirling swiftly, "Bull" Franniston turned again toward town, while Hart watched him wonderingly. The man had threatened, yet he practically had acknowledged defeat. He had come to the jail building determined, apparently, to release the man he sought; yet departed almost after his first unsuccessful effort. Until he was lost in the surging mob of the main street did Rogers follow him with his eyes, half expecting him to return with a fresh demand or a new threat. But at the corner he stopped, as Bud Tarko approached.

Tarko was known to where Hart got the marshal's badge. Then the deputy had given himself plenty of time in which to think it over. He had made his determination, and now that the time had come, he was ready to see it through. A moment of hesitation, and then, deliberately he started up the street to the fulfillment of the first duty he had set for himself, the throwing down of the gauntlet. But at the corner he stopped, as Bud Tarko approached.

"All right," said Tarko. "Now, do you need an assistant?"

"Listen!" Hart caught him by the shoulders and drew him down to speaking distance. "Are you joking or are you serious?"

"Never more serious in my life, but will there be excitement? I crave action, you know."

"You'll get plenty of action, but the pay is only \$75 a month."

"That's O. K. with me," answered Bud, genially. "Well, I guess I'll breeze on and get my discharge papers, and prove I'm all right."

Whereupon he hurried down the street, while Hart Rogers, with a new confidence, waded on toward his self-appointed duty. Soon he was on the main street and at the first "emporium" he turned in.

"I want the proprietor," he announced to the be-aproned person behind the bar.

"I'm him. What'll you have?"

"What are you selling here? Hard stuff?" Hart had hidden his badge.

The bartender grinned and nodded.

"Sorry, old man," Hart answered, "but the town closes up tomorrow night—and closes tight. That gives you 24 hours to get out."

Hart departed. At a gait hard enough to make the same announcement, received in stony silence. Then he went on, finally to stop in front of a small tent, in which a lean, check-suited man bent over a small counter, manipulating as he did so three plaster-filled halves of English walnuts.

Money was being piled on the counter. Hart swept it aside.

"Nix," the gambler had said sharply. "Who let you in here?"

"The same person who's going to let you out, come with equal certainty," the marshal. "Rogers is my name. I'm marshal here. Now close the quiet manner in which his ultimate had been received, walked on 24 hours. Understand?"

"Nix," the gambler had become seriously serious. "You're on the wrong side, Rogers, I'm afraid, see? Everything's all right with me—I'm a right guy. I've put in my ante. Don't crap the party on us here. I'm—"

"Fized? Oh, are you? Well, you fixed with the wrong person—that stuff doesn't go! Step fast or—"

"Pete!" The man's voice had a new note in it, one of sudden excitement, and a hunger-on hurried to his side.

"There's something wrong here. This guy ain't showin' where to get off at. Go get Franniston—quick!"

"Franniston is it?" A thin smile appeared on the lips of Hart Rogers.

"Well, in the meanwhile, you'll come along with me."

A lurching push and shoving the gambler a step or two ahead of him, he started toward the jail. Ten minutes later he had turned the heavy

Bart talked of the experiences of the afternoon—and of the queerness of the events that had followed. Tarko cocked his head and nodded with evident glee. "What do you suppose is in the wind?" he questioned.

"I don't know. But I believe we'd better work in double harness until midnight, anyway." "Bull" Franniston threatened me this afternoon—I'm sure, too, that he passed the word not to start any trouble if I came around again. But why?"

"Don't know. Certainly looks funny."

Eleven o'clock came and went. Then midnight. The crowd had begun to thin—an hour or so more and the street would be deserted by all save a few. Hart turned to his deputy.

"It looks like we were wrong," came his conclusion. "If you think you can handle things all right now, I'll turn in."

"Sure." Bud Tarko squinted down the street. "Nothing doing around here. I'll turn down to the coop and see how our chicken is."

"Sure." They parted. Tarko to stroll once more down the street before going to the little jail. Hart to turn toward his hotel. In his room, tired after his long first day in his new job, wondering a bit as to what the next 24 hours would bring. Hart drew a chair to the window and sat there for a half-hour or so, merely resting before going to bed. Then suddenly he straightened.

From the distance had come the faint sound of voices—raised in anger. High, more strident than became

long one.

Then a shot with two more followings in quick succession. It was enough for Hart Rogers. A leap and he had made the door to race down the narrow hallway to the stairs, and with a few bounds gain the steps. There was no need to stop for a sense of direction—he had recognized the location immediately. The jail!

Bart suddenly saw Bud Tarko. "Tarko!" he called. "Tarko—what's happened?"

"They got me!" came through thick bruised lips. "Got me from behind,

just as I was turning into the jail—I fought the best I knew but I couldn't keep going. Then some one hit me from behind and I went out. They must have carried me away from the jail when I got my senses back, one of 'em was standing over me down by the station. Then somebody yelled.

"I stopped. The door had opened and a dusty, deputy had entered, slapping his wide-brimmed hat against his thighs.

"Got that fellow out there who pulled that shooting," he announced. "He's in pretty bad shape. What'll I do with him?"

The sheriff rose from his desk and walked forward.

"I'd be a little careful about how I made accusations, young fellow," he said rather caustically. "In the first place, you're the one who's been accused, you know, not Mr. Franniston."

"Sir." Startling surprise swept Rogers' face. "What?"

He stopped. The door had opened and a dusty, deputy had entered, slapping his wide-brimmed hat against his thighs.

"Got that fellow out there who pulled that shooting," he announced. "He's in pretty bad shape. What'll I do with him?"

The sheriff turned.

"Put him in the big cell where he'll have plenty of light and air and no kick that we pulled third-degree methods on him," came his command. "I've talked to the district attorney. He says to book him for investigation tonight and that he'll make out the indictment against him first thing in the morning."

"All right." The deputy had seated himself at the desk. "I'll just make out a memorandum of it to remind him."

"Good. Put it there on my hook."

"Now—" and he turned back to Rogers. "As for you, just put it under your hat to walk straight and narrow, or I'll have you in here too! Make all the charges you want to; call me every name you can think of—the more the better. That doesn't interfere with me enforcing the law, and I'd just as soon arrest you as your deputy!"

"My deputy?" Then the eyes of Hart caught the writing of the notation which the undersheriff was hanging on the hook. It read:

"Bud Tarko, deputy marshal, Bellaine, Wyo. Charge, arson and assault with intent to kill."

A half-hour later Hart found himself again on his horse, hurrying through the night on the return to Bellaine.

In the first place, he knew that he could look for no aid from Sheriff Graham of Macinaw. On the contrary, the arrest of Bud Tarko, on the complaint of Franniston and his crew, was extremely good evidence that the sheriff would be a hindrance and not a help. With the thought Hart straightened in his saddle and whistled slowly. Was that the reason why every gambler, every woman of uncertain mirth, every cool man and crook knew in advance the name of "Bull" Franniston, as the man between the persons who would take their tribute and in return be able to guarantee them safety from arrest?

An hour later Hart had told the whole story to Tom Jordan, the mayor. "Wait until I get my check book," he finally announced. "I'll put my signature on a few pieces of paper

and return be able to guarantee them safety from arrest?"

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"Wait until I get my check book," he finally announced. "I'll put my signature on a few pieces of paper

and return be able to guarantee them safety from arrest?"

He re-entered the automobile then. A moment later he was gone, leaving the two men staring almost vacuously after him. Hart then assisted the injured man to a passing automobile, and had him taken to his room. There he gave the disoriented Tarko into the keeping of the landlord and called a physician. Following this he returned to the fire, and sought the mayor.

The city hall was doomed. Hart wormed his way until he reached the mayor's side, there to tell his story, and to receive the encouraging news for which he had hoped.

"Lies!" came tersely from the old cattleman, gruff and grim-featured for once in his life. "D— it every word of it. Go get the sheriff on the wire and tell him that I said to send you help. No, better than that, get a horse or an automobile and go to him. Lay the whole thing before him and tell him that I want action! Understand?"

Bart nodded and turned swiftly away. Five minutes later, he was at a garage, demanding a car—only to learn that such a thing was unavailable. He turned toward the livery stable and hurriedly assisted in the saddling of a horse. Then, out over the prairie he started, the glow of the names fighting his way, on the beginning of the 20-mile ride to Munising.

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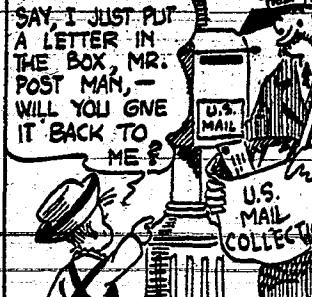
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SUCH IS LIFE

Van Zelm

• ENIF 2 MAKE
N-E MAN
MADCO-OP BILL PASSES
BY VOTE OF 357-3Measure to Aid Farm Products
Marketing Wins in
House.

Washington.—The Haugen bill, designed to aid co-operative marketing of farm products, was passed by the house by a vote of 357 to 3. Those who voted against the measure were Representatives Tidings, Democrat of Maryland; Tucker, Democrat of Virginia, and Andrew, Republican of Massachusetts.

The bill establishes a co-operative marketing division in the Department of Agriculture and gives the department wider powers in the support of organization and the supply of information and other services to farmers' co-operative marketing bodies.

The bill has the support of President Coolidge and Secretary of Agriculture Jardine as well as of farmers' organizations. It now goes to the senate, where it is expected to pass without difficulty. All amendments offered were defeated by the house.

The chief criticism made by Democrats of the bill, which embodies the administration ideas of the need for farm relief, was chiefly to the effect that it does not go far enough.

Representative Haugen, Republican of Iowa, came to the defense of the measure with the assertion that the measure is not intended as emergency relief but as the beginning of a long-time program for development of new marketing methods among the farmers. He added that within a few weeks the committee expected to report further bills for agricultural relief.

The Dickenson bill to regulate the sale of farm surpluses through a government board was attacked by John W. O'Leary, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. Mr. O'Leary declared that the bill, in fact, is a price-fixing measure and just as objectionable as the McNary-Haugen bill which the organization backed in the last session.

He asserted that instead of benefiting farmers it would prove disastrous to them. He told the committee that business interests were accused of being inimical to the farmers because they opposed the McNary-Haugen bill, but he added that if that measure had been enacted, No. 2 soft winter wheat, which sold at St. Louis January 21 for \$1.25, would have sold for \$1.65 by the price-fixing arrangement.

Rail Employees Will
Demand Pay Increase

New York.—Railway conductors and trainmen on all the lines in the country will file applications for pay increases at the scale fixed by the Labor board in 1920, the peak of rail employees' wages. It was announced President William G. Lee of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, and President L. E. Sheppard of the Order of Railway Conductors have sent orders to brotherhood officers of all lines to ask the 1920 scale.

A canvass of opinion among railway executives here brought the prediction that the demands would be rejected. The demands come on the eve of a report from the railroads of the largest year's earnings in history, a net income of \$1,130,000,000 for 1925 being estimated. This is short by several millions, however, of the 5% per cent return on the interstate commerce commission property valuation, which is set by the transportation act as a fair return.

The increases for conductors, baggagemen, firemen, brakemen and yardmen to be asked will range between \$1 and \$1.50 a day in most cases.

Bahamas Fear Smallpox;
Prohibit Florida Ships

Miami, Fla.—Smallpox, which recently assumed epidemic proportions in Tampa, has become prevalent on the Florida coast. In Miami alone health authorities admit there are many cases, while it is officially reported that numerous cases are scattered throughout towns and villages in the Florida keys between here and Key West.

Fear lest the disease be communicated to the Bahama Islands has caused the British government to notify Lewis A. Bates, vice consul here, that pending further orders all communication between the Bahama and Florida ports is prohibited.

Los Angeles, Cal.—One hundred and seventy-seven cases of smallpox and eighteen deaths occurred in Los Angeles during the past month, according to figures from City Health Commissioner George Parrish.

Would Ship Cattle Direct
Chicago.—The National Live Stock Producers' association, meeting at the Great Northern hotel, discussed plans for nation-wide shipment of live stock direct to the packers by the individual producers, eliminating all intermediate.

Wants U. S. to Buy Wheat
Washington.—Representative Little, Democrat of Kansas, advocated in the house that the government purchase wheat at a price between \$1.50 and \$2 as a means of preventing speculative buying.

Names Moore to Patent Post
Washington.—Millard John Moore, an employee of the patent office since his youth, was named assistant commissioner of patents by President Coolidge.

WELL, WELL!



"What are you pacing up and down like that for?"

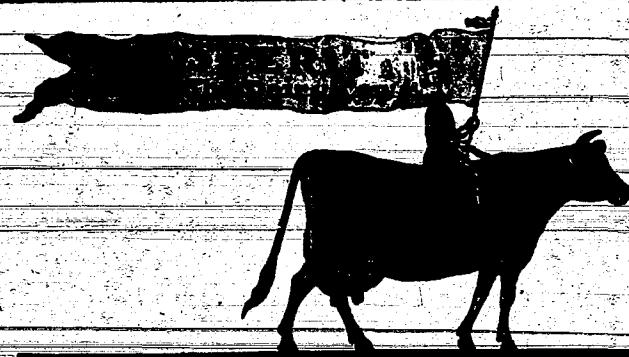
"I'm following a good rule!"

Subscribe for the Avalanche.

Farm Bureau Notes

R. D. BAILEY

County Agent

Youthful Short Jackets
Stressed in Spring Suits

Dirty Spectacles

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

THE trouble with you, Willie," Anna Irving said to Willie Withers in "My Lady of the Chimney Corner," "you see people through dirty spectacles. Each poor creature is made up of some good and much that isn't so good, and you see only what isn't so good."

Willie was an ignorant peasant who had the mistaken idea that people are only what they seem, that it showed keenness and discrimination on his part to discover weaknesses and frailties and imperfections in those whom he met. He had the idea, too, that many people less ignorant and more experienced than he have had that, when he saw evil in others this same discovery magnified the good which he found in himself. He excused his own errors by finding faults in his friends.

It is a common fault this looking through dirty spectacles, this seeing only the wretched and the unholy, some things in the world.

Short skirts and short jackets feature the new spring suits. For this we should be duly thankful, since the combination spells always a youthful silhouette. In fact the tailored jacket styles are quite cunning, introducing clever details, such as rounded corners, girlish turn-down collars, while the coloring seems to say spring in its bright tones. Not only is the model in this picture interesting in the above-mentioned details, but it claims distinction in the quality and kind of fabric of which it is styled. Hand-

some tweed-like wool Jersey is the medium chosen for this appealing suit. Its general tone is thistle color, but this pretty spring woolen comes in other pastel shades, especially emphasizing rose, green, also blue.

Very smart for spring is the short separate coat-jacket worn with a plaited skirt of contrasting material.

DIPPING INTO
SCIENCE

The Original Turk

Historians tell us that the first Turk was a grandson of Noah. Although eight people were in the ark when it floated, a ninth did not—these white lines—el-

even tell me this, old boy, why do they only have 'em round the corner?"—London, *Passenger*.

***** Hard to Understand *****

Reveller (to his friend, as they carefully follow the new white traffic in middle of the street)—Splen did notion—these white lines—el-

Turks and Mongols were closely related by birth. Some of the

creatures about her, but always

exist to the present time.

***** Gosthe's Belief *****

The soul is like the sun, which ro-

ur eyes seem to sit in night, but in

reality has only gone to diffuse its

light elsewhere.—Gosthe.

Disprized Antiques

Not all antiques are prized.

***** He Is Swimming Champion *****

Lexington, Ky.—The old virtues

of the street whom everyone

shunned as they would have shunned a leper, whose hand he would once have loathed to touch had in her something

human, something good, something

even clean, if he did not look at her

through dirty spectacles.

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

***** He Is Swimming Champion *****

Charles Lamb tells us somewhere in

his essays that if we knew people well-

enough we should find in each one

what that would win our love and

our respect. So Willie Withers found.

He came to see that even the wretched

woman of the street whom everyone

shunned as they would have shunned a

leper, whose hand he would once have

loathed to touch had in her something

human, something good, something

even clean, if he did not look at her

through dirty spectacles.

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loathed to touch had in her something</p

Valentine Candy

Handsome boxes of delicious Candies are here for Valentine. And don't forget that friend wife, too, enjoys candy just as she did before marriage.

And mothers and daughters should be remembered at this time.

Anyone would be glad for a box of our VALENTINE CANDY.

MAC & GIDLEY

Grayling, Michigan

PHONE 18

LOCAL NEWS

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1926.

Miss Martha Weir spent the week end in Ispilant.

Mrs. B. A. Cooley was in Roscommon on business Tuesday.

Mrs. Paul Hendrie was in Bay City Monday and Tuesday on business.

John Yuill of Vanderbilt spent the week end visiting Miss Lillian Ziebell.

Marius Hanson left Sunday night on a business trip to Saginaw and Lansing.

Miss Bea Boswell of East Jordan spent the week end with Miss Ruth Gregory.

Carl Peterson returned Saturday afternoon from a business trip to Detroit and Chicago.

Mrs. Geo. Burke spent the week end in Bay City and while there saw "Abe's Irish Rose."

We guarantee our tennis slippers to outwear all others.

Olson Shoe Store.

Mrs. D. E. Winer of Vanderbilt was in the city Monday visiting at the home of B. A. Cooley.

Leo White of Adrian was in the city several days this week looking after his business interests.

Mrs. Holger Schmidt left Friday afternoon for Detroit to visit her son Frank who is employed there.

Carl Johnson of Detroit spent the week end at the home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson.

Miss Grace Bauman left Monday afternoon for Detroit to visit her sister Mrs. Ralph Routhier and family.

Victor Peterson of St. Ignace spent Sunday with his family and also his parents Mr. and Mrs. Hans Petersen.

Don't forget the Masquerade ball at the school gymnasium tomorrow night (Friday). You'll have a good time.

Miss Margaret Douglas of Lovers was in the city Tuesday enroute to Detroit for a several days visit with friends.

George Knecht of Sibley was dismissed from Mercy hospital Monday after being a patient there for about four weeks.

Tony Seeley of Munising arrived Saturday for a couple of weeks visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hans Petersen.

Miss Anna Peterson, who has been employed at the Herald Times newspaper office in Gaylord for the past year has returned to Grayling to remain indefinitely.

Our Bargain Column

Kleenex—Cold Cream Remover, per package	10c
1 3-4 in. Rustproof Padlock	10c
Combination Pen and Pencil, metal barrel	25c
19x40 in. Turkish Towel	10c
Berry Bowls, Colonial & diamond patterns, 7 1/2 in.	10c
Fuller Balls, red rubber for faucets, 1-2 in. and	5c
5-8 in., 2 for	5c
Dust Pans, heavy steel plate, 10c, 12 and 15c	5 and 10c
Sink Cleaners,	\$1.90
Hendryx Bird Cages	\$1.20
Watches for	\$1.00
Alarm Clocks	10c
Paint, small cans	30c and 35c
Ax Handles	

Extra Specials:

Brooms, extra good quality	42c
Leather Cloth Shopping Bag, 50c values, large sizes	29c
Large Wire Popcorn Poppers	29c

S. B. VARIETY STORE

1 door West of the Furniture Store
F. J. MCCLAIN, Mgr.

Dollar Day Bargains

Saturday, Feb. 13, Grayling Mercantile Co.

Take Advantage of These Bargains!

Children's Black Cat Stockings, 25c values, five pr. for	\$1.00	75c Fancy Bath Towels, two for	\$1.00	Ladies' Fleeced Union Suits long, half-and-no sleeve style	\$1.00
Boy's heavy Black Cat Stockings, 45c values, three pr. for	\$1.00	\$1.25 Ruffled Marquisette Curtains for	\$1.00	Men's Wool Heather Sox, 75c values, 2 pr. for	\$1.00
Infant's Silk and Wool Stockings, 75c values, two pr. for	\$1.00	Ladies' Silk and Wool Hose, \$1.50 values, brown & black	\$1.00	Men's Cotton Sox, 25c quality, 5 pr. for	\$1.00
All Wool Serges, \$1.25 and \$1.35 quality	\$1.00	19c Unbleached Cotton, 7 yds for	\$1.00	Men's Winter Caps, values to \$1.50, for	\$1.00
75c Mercerized Table Linen, 2 yds for	\$1.00	Lonsdale Bleached Cotton, 25c quality, 5 yds for	\$1.00	Men's Dress Shirts, \$1.25 and \$1.50 values for	\$1.00
One lot Ladies Corsets, values \$2.50 to \$6.00 for	\$1.00	25c heavy white Outings, 5 yds for	\$1.00	Men's Felt Slippers, values up to \$1.50, for	\$1.00
Ladies' Felt Slippers, values up to \$1.50, for	\$1.00	New Spring Ginghams, 32 in. 5 yds for	\$1.00	Kotex, 2 boxes for	\$1.00
		36 inch Percales, all colors, 5 yds for	\$1.00	Men's Wool Work Sox, 5 pr. for	\$1.00
		Ladies' Trimmed Hats, \$1.95 and \$5.95 values for	\$1.00		
		\$1.25 and \$1.50 White Stocking Caps for	\$1.00		
		Ladies' Silk Hose, new light shades, 2 pr. for	\$1.00		
		Men's Leather Mitts, 60c values, 2 pr. for	\$1.00		
		Girl's Vellastic Fleeced Union Suits, best quality, all sizes	\$1.00		
		Boys' Flannel Gowns	\$1.00		

One
Dollar

Grayling Mercantile Co.

The Quality Store

Destroying Cat-Tails

FILMS DEVELOPED AND PRINTED

The application of chemicals in water in which weeds are growing is not considered a practicable way to destroy plants like cat-tails, whose roots are deeply imbedded in the mud.

The pond may be drained and plowed or if the pond is shallow the weed may be held in check by mowing.

Work satisfactory or costs you nothing. R. C. Howard, Corner Charles and Oliver Sts.

OUR BULLETIN

THE BUSY SHOPPERS' GUIDE

Breakfast Room Set—outstanding quality;
Appealingly low prices
Complete Set, Table and base, all gauze

Macy Sectional Book Case—Stack of 3 book sections top and base, all gauze
Unfinished \$14.98

price complete \$27.98

Common Sense Exterminator

Kills Rats and Mice and will save you hundred times its cost in annoyances and damage. Per package

25c.

SKIS--

Complete stock of Northland line Ash
Skis 7 1-2 ft. \$7.50

SKI WAX

Prevents heavy snow sticking and sliding easy. 35c Per pair

Auto Owners

